

In the Arms of the Angel

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Summary: A mushy story written by me about Psylocke and Angel

In the Arms of the Angel

I have been listening to Sarah McLachlan's Angel song. Okay, this song, sniff, it makes me want to choke up. It really does. "What?! The maliciously insane Harlene Quinselle actually has a soft spot?" "Shhhh! Don't tell or else they'll send the sentinels after me!!" "But you're not a mutant!" "No but I'm definitely a threat to society with the way I write. Now, moving on, all characters in this story belong to marvel and they hopefully won't sue me because I'm not making money off of this. You heard me. ZIP! ZILCH! NADA!!!! And I shall remind you once again, E-MAIL me before my head starts spinning and I start to projectile vomit pea soup!!!!" "Too late!" "Why out of all my multiple personalities you had to show up today?" "Just lucky I guess."

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_Spend all your time waiting, _

for that second chance.

For a break that would make it okay.

_There's always some reason, _

to feel not good enough

and it's hard at the end of the day.

_I need some distraction, _

Oh, a beautiful release

Memories seep through my veins

It may be empty

_and weightless but maybe _

I'll find some peace tonight...

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Elizabeth Braddock sat at the front of the large ship. She and Warren had decided to get away from the stress of everyday life and sail across the green waters of the ocean to the tropics. The breeze ran it's fingers through her lengthy violet hair, whipping it in every direction. The silver moon hung above the water, sending shards of light onto the glassy surface of the ocean. The skirt of her scarlet evening gown flowed behind her, revealing her bare feet underneath.

Warren looked at her in silent admiration. He had always been fascinated how she bounded between the warrior and the woman so quickly and naturally. She could be ripping ninja soldiers to pieces and the next hour you would find her ballroom dancing and eating caviar with the British upper crust.

Betsy turned her head around and studied Warren. He had been through so much. The loss of his wings to Apocalypse, the alteration of his appearance, and then the regrowth of his feathered wings, once more giving him an angelic aura. He had remained so strong throughout all of his pain and helped her to be strong throughout hers. That's what he was to her. He was strength, love, and friendship. The best qualities on the market placed into one man, and that man was hers. He was her life raft in all the chaos. She was safe with him.

She saw his eyes shift over to meet hers and she smiled, pulling one of the many stray pieces of hair behind her ear with her gloved hand. He walked across the deck toward her and took her hand, whispering something into her ear. She nodded, placing the palm of her other hand on his shoulder. They waltzed across the smooth wooden deck, the moon spotlighting the two dancers as they danced to a song heard only by their hearts.

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In the arms of the angel

You fly away from here,

From dark, cold hotel room

And the endlessness that you fear

You are brought from the wreckage

Of your silent reverie

You're in the arms of the angel

May you find some comfort here.

You're in the arms of the angel .

May you find some comfort here.

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End

file.